

In the garden of Paradise, our first parents were blessed with a returning day of rest and praise; and after the waters of the deluge had testified the wrath of an offended God, the Sabbath, like the bow in the firmament, was a pledge of His mercy and loving kindness. The descendants of Noah, while they spread themselves over the face of the earth, carried with them their veneration for this holy day; and continued



munity on this contested subject. About the time the erection of the new theatre in Common st. Boston, was in contemplation, five letters, written



power and glory and salvation; for it is the Lord and his love that have converted and saved the world. The first letter does ample justice to the claims of the stage on a moral community—admits many beautiful positions advanced by its advocates, and then contrasts all these with a vivid sketch of realities which have not yet been denied even by those who have made them the subject of ridicule. The first letter, although addressed to the subscribers for the Tremont theatre, is of such general application that we present it below in its own glowing language, and hope that it may be read by every lover of the drama in our country.

## LETTER I.

To the Committee and Subscribers for the erection of a New Theatre.

GENTLEMEN,—Permit me of your fellow citizens to lay before you some of the thoughts which have passed my mind, in reflecting upon the enterprise in which you are engaged. You are men of generous and patriotic minds. You have laid your plans upon a liberal scale. Having selected one of the most beautiful sites in a city unrivalled for elegant situations, you purpose to erect upon it an edifice which shall endure for ages, and be admired in the midst of architectural magnificence—a structure, which shall maintain its massy dignity while mirth reigns within its walls; nor change, until in years to come, the funeral processions of its builders shall have one after another passed by, and all who witnessed its rising have long slumbered in the grave. When the labor of its erection shall be completed, and art have finished its decorations, its doors shall be opened, and with the sound of the viol and every instrument of music, the throng, retiring from the busy pursuits and anxieties of the day, shall be invited here, to throw off their cares, and for the evening at least to be mirthful.

Here poetry shall carry its thrill through the soul, the mimic make distant scenes and ages present, and genius and eloquence and grace exert their power. Here Apollo and the sacred Nine shall dwell, and the delighted crowd return and return to pay to their willing evening service. But neither at its opening, nor during the long ages while its walls shall stand, will the herald of salvation with the sacred Bible in his hand, tell of the tragedy on Calvary, or proclaim the hopes of eternity to dying men. No! though shall bend their knees in prayer, or raise their voices in shouts of thanksgiving to that One God, who for a theatre has built the universe, for scenery spread out nature, whose tinsel is the rainbow, whose span is the vault of heaven, whose actors are men and angels, and on himself, the Lord of hosts. Here shall assemble from evening to evening many of great worth and respectability, the company of the gay whose hearts are sad, and of those whose only care it is to be happy now; and here shall also come the painted harlot, whose house is on the way to hell, and with her the veteran debauchee, whose path is strewn with broken vows and ruined innocence. The youth, too, the hope of his mother, whose head has often received a father's blessing, with glowing passions will come here to be devoured by vultures. But into these doors, he who seeks his Saviour will never turn hoping to find him: the afflicted will never seek comfort in pouring out his complaint before his Father in Heaven. If the name of God is called at all, it will not be in profanation, or to add weight to curses. Will not the Bible be mentioned with contempt, and the blessed Saviour sometimes be made the song of the drunkard? When the assemblies disperse, many will go away to spend the night in debauchery, but very few to spend an hour with God in their closets. If sometimes a good resolution is strengthened, or a virtuous principle cherished, in a thousand instances the hands of virtue will be loosened. From year to year a multitude will enter here upon a course of dissipation, which they will be hurried to destruction. Two ages ago many fond parents will weep tears of blood over their ruined sons, and possibly their fallen daughters; and wives and sisters join the lamentation. And now permit me to say most respectfully to you, gentlemen, that for all these consequences the builders of the new theatre make themselves responsible. And let me ask you, is this the return which is due from you to the city in which you reside, and in which you have accumulated your wealth? Is this the inheritance you would leave to your children? Will you consent for the sake of increasing a little that wealth of which you have already enough, to visit all these evils upon yourselves, and your neighbors, and your posterity for ages?

Some further considerations I will soon address to you, and remain your obedient servant,

A FATHER.

## THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

It was at a college in the western part of Massachusetts, situated in a lovely plain, around which the sentinel mountains stand to guard this "vale of Tempé" from the rough winds and the hurricanes, that a student was seen about the middle of his collegiate course with a faint hectic on his cheek. One would think, while standing on the gentle undulations where the college edifices are erected and casting his eye on the mountain walls that rise all around him that even death might be excluded from scenery so tranquil; yet the destroyer was there—not admitted into that quiet valley by a narrow pass at the northeast through which the silver Hoosick flows, nor from a sunny opening between the mountains at the south, nor indeed from the deep glen in the northwest, the outlet where the vale pours all its waters. He came in a carriage with graceful ease and with a light step trod the college halls. As Fame twined the bays, Death wove the cyprus, and, like an enemy to human greatness, looked in at windows where the midnight lamp shone brightly.

Lapham was in early youth—bereaved indeed of his parents, yet left with a competence to the generous guardianship of an uncle. While fitting for college in one of those mountainous towns with a clergyman in whose bosom the streams of piety, benevolence, and learning united, this youth became the subject of deep religious awakenings, and came to college with a tender conscience and a mind sensible of the responsibilities that rested upon him. But, alas! he soon proved how ungenial was the atmosphere of ambition to the growth of piety. He came in contact with a hundred minds that had consecrated their energies to the acquirement of human science: they all looked upon this world as a paradise whose tranquillity and beauty were imagined forth by the lovely, flowery valley around them. To pluck the fairest flowers—to climb the most arduous heights—to stand first in their beloved country's eye, were the vows that these devoted ones imposed upon themselves. Some have redeemed their pledge—others rest in the forgetfulness of the grave.

Lapham appeared to lose his religious feelings, and, from the influence of his circumstances, gave way to many irregularities of mirthful hilarity; yet he was ever generous, tender hearted, and possessed the affections of all. The first admonition of his erring course from his Heavenly Father was also the last. As his form was shooting up into a commanding height the consumption seated upon his system, and the gen-

eral principles of the Christian Observer may be referred to as a standard by which we shall be guided. It is, however, distinctly stated, that we will not attempt to make the publication subservient to the purposes of any particular denomination. We will select from Presbyterian or Episcopal, Methodist or Baptist writers, according as their papers shall best answer the avowed purposes of the publication.

When we look at the number of theological journals, especially in Great Britain, and see the ability with which most of the prominent topics of the day are made subservient to religious instruction, it is impossible to deny that the interests of our holy religion have received from the periodical press a most powerful support; and while it will be seen to be destructive to the influence of the knowledge and talent should extend to every family in our country, it will seem to be almost necessary to the clergyman who is anxious to discharge the duties of his sacred office with knowledge as well as with zeal.

Having access to all the sources of literary information, we shall be able to give our readers an early account of every new work which will tend to practical improvement, or increase the stock of theological learning.

Such a Magazine would be valuable in any country—but in one of so rapid a growth as ours, where we are necessarily so behind the literature of Europe, it must be of peculiar importance. So strongly does this now appear to us, that we are astonished that necessity had not earlier led to its publication. For several years past the *Messenger*, a literary journal, on the same plan, has been published, with much success, in this city—and a *Medical work*, to be compiled in the same way, is announced. The *Christian Observer* has been delayed by the republication, *entire*, of the *Christian Observer*. This excellent and popular work will no longer be reprinted here, and we shall make very copious selections from it. A wide field of religious intelligence will be open to us, and we shall faithfully collect from it what is most important, and present it in a form as much condensed as propriety will permit.

Each monthly number of our work will contain three or four times as much matter as the *Christian Observer*, and will be printed in a style of great neatness. The early numbers will be adorned with engravings, which are now preparing expressly for the work, and if success enable us to do so, we shall continue to present a plate with every number. The expenses will be great, but we look to the religious public generally for a cordial support in our important enterprise.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Six dollars a year, if paid in advance.  
Seven dollars and a half, if not in advance.  
No subscription can be discontinued until all arrears are paid—but the publisher reserves to himself the right of retaining the numbers in his own possession as collateral security.

The numbers will generally appear early in the month.

E. LITTELL,  
No. 88, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia.

July 25th, 1827.

## Circular, to the Clergy of all Denominations.

Sir,—Herewith I present to you a Prospectus of the *RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE*. The great interest felt in this enterprise by clergymen of all denominations with whom it has been in my power to confer, encourages me to hope for general favor and patronage, and to take the liberty of thus addressing you upon the subject. It is undoubtedly my wish and expectation to make my business profitable; but, if, in the prosecution of this design, I bring forward a plan, the successful conduct of which cannot fail to advance the great interests which it is your calling and duty to promote, I need make no apology for asking a renewal of the kind co-operation with which I have before been favored.

The very great quantity of matter which the *Religious Magazine* will contain, (every monthly number being equal to the *Quarterly Reviews*), enables us to promise, that, besides giving a very large mass of the most valuable intelligence adapted to the use of all parts of families, (so large, indeed, that we shall have uncopied but little that is really important,) we shall be able to give a more complete account of such matters as are peculiarly interesting to ministers of the gospel, than has ever before been offered to them.

No one can be ignorant upon practical or polemical theology will be suffered to remain unnoticed; indeed, it is hoped that from this characteristic alone, it will be found almost necessary to every studious preacher.

It will be perceived that our plan, although general and liberal, is not so much so as to include either Roman Catholics or Unitarians—but the editor has distinctly pledged himself to give no just ground of offence to any orthodox Protestant sect. To guard the more effectually against any involuntary bias toward any particular denomination, an arrangement has been made by which every article selected for the Magazine, shall receive the sanction of clergymen of different denominations.

It is not intended to mention the name of the editor. There is no man qualified by talents and piety and zeal for religion, to conduct such a work as is now proposed, who does not himself prefer one church to all others; and while it is determining that there shall be no distinction of sects, we are leaving to our churches, as we see fit, to make such a selection as shall furnish no foundation for invidious criticism by publishing the name of the editor.

Hoping, sir, that you will, from its intrinsic importance, find a pleasure in recommending this work, I beg leave to add something by way of return for such assistance.

If you will send me the names of five subscribers, for whose subscriptions you will be responsible for a year—you shall receive a copy for a year.

If, in like manner, you send 9 subscribers, you will be entitled to a copy for two years.  
If, in like manner, you send 17 subscribers, you will be entitled to a copy for four years.  
If, in like manner, you send 25 subscribers, you will be entitled to a copy for six years.

Requesting that you will have the goodness to send me in the month of November, any subscriptions that may be received by you, (that I may know how many copies to print.) I am, sir, very respectfully yours,  
E. LITTELL,  
Philadelphia, August 1827.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

## FOREIGN.

The London Star of the 12th, contains a Treaty, which was signed on the 6th of July, by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France and Russia, for effecting peace between the Ottoman Porte and Greece, together with an additional and secret article, determining the measures to be adopted in case the Porte does not, within one month, accept the mediation proposed. The Treaty, which is dated at London, July 6, is signed by Dudley, Polignac, and Levis.—The London Star states that—

"The primary object of this treaty is, to put an end to the hostilities waging between the two countries, and thereby stop the effusion of human blood, and arrest the evils of all kinds which might arise from the continuance of the present state of things. Its next object is, to secure for Greece a Government which, if not actually independent of the Porte, shall possess many of the advantages of Independence; and in the attainment of these objects the High Contracting Powers bind themselves not to seek any arrangements of territory, any exclusive influence, or any commercial advantage for their subjects which the subjects of any other nation may not equally obtain.

"The Secret Article, which, as in most other Treaties, is the most important, stipulates that it shall be announced to the Porte that the High Contracting Parties intended to send Consular Agents to Greece, and that if the Porte do not accept in one month the Armistice proposed, or the Greeks refuse to sign it, the High Contracting Parties will conjointly employ all their means in the accomplishment of their object, without, however, taking any part in the hostilities between the two contending parties. And finally, if these measures should fail, the High Powers will continue to prosecute the work of pacification, for which purpose they authorize their Representatives in London to discuss and determine the ulterior measures to which it may become necessary to resort."

There is reason to fear that the Turkish government will not readily accede to the terms proposed by the Treaty between England, France, and Russia—and possibly, the Greeks will not be entirely pleased with the conditions.

## FRANCE AND ALGERIES.

It is stated on the authority of a letter from Marseilles, that hostilities have commenced between these two powers. The following account we translate from one of our latest papers:—

The Algerines committed the aggression, by firing on the French schooner *La Torche*, on the 12th of June. The sch. *L'Amarante* had brought despatches to the Consul; and he sent on board his most valuable papers, in two boxes, which he pretended contained oranges. He then went on board himself, under the appearance of visiting the Captain; and giving orders to all the French subjects to embark within 24 hours, which was effected without any difficulty on the

part of the Dey, who made them give a declaration that they were not obliged by him to go. The Consul after this made known his demands, to the Dey; they were, that the Minister of Marine, the Grand Admiral, and the Dey's principal Scribes, should go on board, to make excuse to the Consul; also, that the French flag should be hoisted in the forts of Algiers and in the castle of Casba, inhabited by the Dey, and saluted with 101 guns; and all this before a treaty of peace should be talked of.—The terms were considered very humiliating, and it was thought would not be submitted to. The *Volcan* had gone to Bona and La Calle, to take off the French Consuls and subjects. "The insult to the Consul consisted in the Dey's throwing his fan at him, and ordering him from his presence."

Gen. Lafayette.—The editors of the New York Statesman have received a letter from Paris in which is announced the election of Gen. Lafayette, to the chamber of Deputies. The following is an extract.

"You will not doubt, be rejoiced to learn, that Gen. Lafayette has been elected Deputy for the Department of Meuse. The election took place on the 21st inst., and in spite of the infamous measures which were taken by the French Ministers to defeat the efforts of the liberal party the latter came off triumphant."

The conduct of the present Ministry in this instance has no precedent; every violent measure was resorted to in order to exclude the illustrious Deputy from a seat in the chamber of Representatives.

French Newspapers and Periodicals.—At the commencement of this year, there were published in Paris seventeen newspapers, twelve of which were published daily, and five twice or thrice a week; and one hundred and sixty-one periodicals treating on the following subjects: arts and sciences, twenty-eight; military journals, three; theological, nine; history, four; education, six; medical journals, twenty-two; commerce, ten; jurisprudence, twenty; political economy, seven; literature, nineteen; theatre, nine; music, five; fashions, three; bibliographic, four; divers advertising journals, twelve.

## FROM THE CONSTITUTIONNEL.

Leipsic, June 10.—(Extract of a Private Letter.)—

The last news that we received from the north is quite warlike. The arming of the Russian fleet at Cronstadt—the great activity that prevails in the arsenals of the interior of the empire, and especially at Toul—lastly, the grand review took place before the Emperor at Wismar—are so many facts, proving that Russia very seriously meditates the reparation of those errors which she has committed, in abandoning for six years to the mercy of the Ottoman sabre, a nation which has so many claims to her protection. What, in conjunction with all these facts, leaves no longer any doubt with respect to the actual intentions of the Emperor Nicholas, is the tenor of the letters which, during the last eight days, have reached us from St. Petersburg, and according to which, immediately after the return of the Emperor, the publication of a manifesto relative to the affairs of Greece and Turkey was expected.

## EARTHQUAKE IN THE EAST INDIES.

On the 29th of October the valley of Nipal was convulsed by a violent earthquake. The first shock is described as tremendous, and it caused every house to shake for some seconds after it had passed away. It destroyed the houses in the city of Catmandoo, burying under them seven human beings. It rased to the very ground a temple near the city. It destroyed fourteen houses in the city of Patan, but happily no lives. Of the buildings of the Residency there is hardly one wall left without a crack in it, and most of the higher and ornamental parts of the Resident's own mansion are either broken off, or so injured as to require to be taken down. The sound seemed like ten thousand horse artillery thundering over a drawbridge, at full speed, or like a deluge of water, sweeping down a mountain-torrent's channel, and carrying with it huge masses of rocks.—There was a continuous roar, over which more sudden and violent noises, at intervals prevailed, and it came forward with the speed of light. This terrific sound seemed to the writer to approach him from the south. In an instant or two it swept past the city of Catmandoo, and the Residency, which is a mile to the north of the city.

The shock followed—30,000 human voices from the city rose in one peal, the voice of the earthquake passed on to the north, and there it was answered by the echoes of a thousand mountains. The whole city of Catmandoo was celebrating the Dewali with the customary gaming; hardly a soul was in bed; the laugh and the jeer were broken by the threat of nature's dissolution; and in one instant every voice in that thickly peopled town was raised in deprecatory despair.—*Southampton Herald*.

## DOMESTIC.

The annual visitation of the Public Schools took place on Wednesday last. The examinations were highly satisfactory. The Franklin medals to the number of sixty were awarded to the most approved scholars. A large company dined with the city authorities at Faneuil Hall, and many appropriate sentiments were given and cordially received.

## MUNICIPAL COURT—WESTON.

On Thursday last George F. Weems was brought before the court to receive his sentence on two indictments for larceny. Judge Thatcher addressed the prisoner in the following emphatic language, as quoted by the Editor of the American Traveller.

"George F. Weems—After a full and patient hearing, you have been convicted by Juries of your country, of two Larcenies, one of which is of an aggravated character. In the course of your several trials, you have had all that freedom in conducting your defence, which the humanity of the law, and our forms of practice allow to persons in your unfortunate situation; and all that remains for me, is to pronounce on you, the sentence, which the law has prescribed, as the punishment for your crimes. It will fall upon you heavily—for you will be separated from the walks of that society, of which you have rendered yourself unworthy; from the friends who once took an interest in you; and you will be consigned to the society of convicted felons. You will have been committed against great light—they have been rendered exceedingly aggravated by the fact, that they were committed by you, under the character of an assumed sanctity, and even while you pretended to be a Teacher of our Holy Religion; and your plunder has been devoted to gratify your evil lusts. Say not now, as you once did, that 'religion is all delusion.' But rather confess the retributions of a just Providence even in this world—for it is the order of Providence, as well as of Society, that punishment and misery should follow transgressions."

"May the fruit of your feelings be to awaken you to sincere repentance: Its waters though bitter are most salutary; and if this should be the effect of your punishment, you may yet have reason to rejoice, even in what you now regard as your greatest shame."

The clerk now read the sentence of the Prisoner, which was, that he should suffer ten days solitary imprisonment and three years hard labor, for the larceny from the store of Mr. Warren; and (ten days solitary imprisonment, and one year's hard labor for stealing the coat of Mr. Felt from the House of Representatives; and that each of these sentences be executed upon him in the State Prison in Charleston.

As soon as the clerk had finished reading the sentence of the Prisoner, his Counsel filed a motion and claimed an appeal; and after some conversation, the Court ordered the Prisoner to recognise in the sum of one thousand dollars to prosecute his appeal at the next session of the Supreme Court, but not finding sureties, the Prisoner was remanded to jail—the Court remarking, that sentence would not be executed upon him, until the Court rose; and in the mean time, if he was desirous of recognising he could have an opportunity of so doing.

The prisoner was conveyed to the State Prison on Friday.

Mr. Munroe is said to have conveyed to the Bank of the U. S. \$260,000 acres of land, as security for a debt of \$25,000, conditioned that if the land sells for more he shall have the surplus. It is understood he is still depressed with other debts.—No Ex-President of the United States ought to be permitted to suffer from poverty in old age.

A gold mine has been discovered in Union District, S. C. in the waters of Tiger river. The ore is said to be of such extent as to afford employment to 500 hands at good wages. A specimen of the gold has been pronounced, by Dr. Cooper, equal in purity to any he ever saw. A company is expected to be formed to work the dust. It is asserted that the members of the company formed to work the gold mine of North Carolina have divided each \$3000.

Execution of the Pirates in Virginia.—Yesterday three Spaniards, Pepe, Coutro and Felix, convicted of Piracy on board the Brig *Crawford*, suffered the penalty which they had incurred by their outrageous violation of the laws of God and man. They were conducted from prison, by two volunteer companies commanded by Captains Rutherford and Johnston and the public guard under Capt. Bolling, to the place of execution at 11 o'clock in the morning.

For some weeks previous to the day of their execution—they had been making, what they considered, a preparation for the solemn event. Under the direction of a Roman Catholic priest, they had been performing the various penances and superstitious rites enjoined by the papal church; but alas! these formal ceremonies neither afforded them peace with God nor with their own consciences. We are informed by those who visited them in prison and who attended them in their last moments at the gallows, that they were awfully alarmed in view of their impending doom. Their views of the consoling and joyful doctrines of the cross, did not deliver them from the appalling forebodings awakened by their guilt.

They confessed that they perpetrated the crimes for which they were sentenced to death, and that they had been guilty of other crimes of a similar nature; in view of these and of the penalty they were about to suffer, they were greatly agitated—they appeared to feel that it was a solemn thing to die!

They were attended to the gallows by several Clergymen—and after the last rites of the papal church were administered to them by a Catholic Priest, the Rev. Mr. Kerr addressed the immense concourse of people that thronged the surrounding hill; and the Rev. Mr. Taylor addressed the throne of grace in an appropriate prayer, imploring the mercy of the Almighty in behalf of these unhappy men. At about 1 o'clock, they were launched into eternity, to the presence of their final Judge, "who will reward every man according to his works!"—*Frederick and Telegraph*.

A distressing case occurred last week in the family of Mr. Michael Metcalf, jr. of Keene, N. H. One of their children, two years old, was playing with some kidney beans, one of which, half an inch in length, slipped into the trachea, or wind-pipe.—This took place about 9 o'clock. The distress of the child increasing, it became apparent in the afternoon, that suffocation would soon end the sufferings of the little innocent. The parents then consented that the operation of bronchotomy (cutting the wind-pipe) should be performed. This operation by Dr. T. Welch, 7 hours after the accident, was completely successful, and the child is now in perfect health.

Canada.—The Election in Lower Canada has closed, and nearly all the returns have been received. The contest has been one of the most violent ever witnessed in the Province. A large majority of the last Parliament were opposed to the present Governor. It will be recollected that a new election was ordered, and the session abruptly broken up. A proclamation was made by the Earl of Dalhousie, charging the members with want of respect to his Majesty's officers, and of a just sense of the interests of the colony. The returns from all the districts give an increased majority to the popular side. In Quebec and Montreal, where the greatest efforts appear to have been made, the old members have been returned by increased votes.—*N. Y. D. Jdr.*

A quarterly meeting of the Methodist Female Mite Society, will be held at the Vestry of the Church in Bromfield Lane to-morrow, at 4 o'clock P. M.

## MARRIED.

In this city, Mr. Benjamin F. Stevens, of Providence, to Miss Mary Earle; Mr. David Morse, to Miss Mary Thoup; Mr. John Felt, to Miss Sarah B. Felt; Mr. Henry Hooper, to Miss Eviline Howland; Mr. Frank Munroe, to Miss Mary Bell; Mr. Francis L. Hildreth, of Westford, to Miss Elizabeth Armstrong; Rev. George Ripley, of this city, to Miss Sophia Dana, daughter of Francis Dana Esq. of Cambridge. In Topsfield, Mr. Gilbert Brownell, of Boston, to Miss Eliza P. Emerson, in Sudbury, Mass. by the Rev. Rufus Hurlburt; Deacon Peter Haynes, to Miss Catherine Brigham. Their united ages amounted to one hundred and sixty-one years.

In Marlborough, by the Rev. A. D. Merrill, Mr. Lewis Goodnow, of Stow, to Miss Phoebe Glendon, of M. In Fitchburg, N. H. Mr. Parson Terry, of Boston, to Miss Sarah Sias; Rev. Nathaniel Norris, to Miss Joanna K. Holbrook.

## DIED.

In this city, Mr. Charles Welch, aged 20; Mr. John Saverly, 37; Capt. Nathaniel Hall, 82; Abigail N. daughter of Mr. Jacob Wendall, 17 months; Mr. Benjamin Fessenden, 63; Mrs. Hepzibeth, wife of Mr. Elijah W. Cutting, 26; John D. youngest child of Mr. Nathaniel Clark; Mr. Jonathan Stodder, 61; Mr. William Sturtevant, 53; Miss Mary Phillips, 13; Capt. Wm. Chadwick, 59; Eliza B. daughter of Mr. John Green, jr. 8 years; Mr. Micajah Faskell, 40. In Newton, Thomas Beals Smith, youngest son of Capt. Benjamin S. of this city. In Cambridge, Mrs. Susan C. Lowell, wife of John A. L. Esq. of this city, 26. In Gloucester, Mr. Adam Hoffman, 72. He was in the battle of Monmouth, and was one of twelve who survived the battle of a whole company. He was also at the battle of Bunker Hill. In Weymouth, Mass. suddenly, Mr. David Bates 33, son of Mr. Alpheus B. aged 21. In New York, Rev. Cornelius R. Duffie, rector of St. Thomas Church, 33. At Haverhill, Mr. Cromwell Aldridge, of Boston, 33. At Trinidad de Cuba, John Harts R. Esq., 22, of Boston. Drowned in Northfield, Vt. George M. Richardson, aged 2 years and 8 months, son of Mr. John Richardson.

## SHIP NEWS.

## PORT OF BOSTON.

## ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, Aug. 20.—Arrived, ships Delos, Bragdon, Liverpool; Iris, Russell, Bremen; brig Richmond, Falcon, Manila; moud; schs Planet, Pike, Greenhow and Elbow, New York; Howes, New York; Ocean, Lewis, Albany. At quarantine, schs. Caroline, Geyer, Leghorn. Cleared, Swedish brig Anders, Rod. Gottenburg; Sicilian brig Iaturo, Palermo. At 11 o'clock, schs. Hattie, New York; ship Hope, New York; 21—Arrived, schs. Kelphe, Lewis, New York; 22—Cleared, brig Forester, Wadsworth, Havana; schs. Killow, Banker, Halifax. 22—Arrived, ship Navy, Parsons, Liverpool; schs. Three Brothers, Hall, Albany.—Cleared, brig Hope, New York; schs. Caroline and Nancy, Greenlaw, St. Andrews; ship Edinburgh, Alexandria; schs. Nickerson, New York; ship Globe, Baker, do. 23—Arrived, ships Henry Tuke, Bliss, Liverpool; Octavia, Chandler, do; Warren, Snow, do; brig Geo. Henry, Providence; schs. Sea Island, Atwood, New York; James C. Isabella, Haverhill; schs. Bruce, Warren, Antwerp; Pizarro, Perkins, New York; schs. Signal, Sturgis, New York; schs. Turk, Godfrey, do; Amos, Shaw, do; Erie, Osborn, do; Only Son, Orcutt, do; Haxall, Pratt, Halifax; Joseph, Hull, Philadelphia.—Cleared, brig Emitt, Montevideo; ship and market; schs. Regulator, Lure, Philadelphia; schs. Forest, Fount, Greenock; schs. Eliza Jane, Pease, Philadelphia; Rozella, McKenzie, do; Quaker, Pease, New York; schs. Susan, Morgan, Port au Prince.—Cleared, brig Margaret, Mayo, Antwerp; Bold Jack, New York; schs. Thomas St. Pierre, Foster, St. Pierre, Florida; Doyle, Alexan. dria; schs. Advance, Howes, New York.



## POETS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

### THE HARPER. NO. 1.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

From Thura's breast the unconscious sigh,  
Of rest and calm the tear to start,  
The melting softness of her eye,  
Betray'd the feelings of her heart.

Untold the tale of woes she bore,  
The secret cause she ne'er reveal'd;  
Then ceased her sighs, her sorrows fled—  
But kept her sorrows all conceal'd.

But oft did she retire alone,  
And fall upon her bended knee;  
And there would sigh and heave a groan,  
And raise her eye, dear Lord, to thee!

Of penitence it was the prayer,  
Of faith it was the seeing eye,  
And Mercy's angel hover'd there,  
Sent from the regions of the sky.

His breath a balmy odor shed—  
His words were soothing to the breast;  
Then ceased her sighs, her sorrows fled—  
An inward heaven her face conceal'd.

Her loosened tongue could now declare  
The former cause of all her grief;  
Could tell how Jesus heard her prayer,  
And how He gave her soul relief.

Of sweet redeeming love she sings—  
Sweet are the accents of her voice;  
She rises on devotion's wings,  
And humbly speaks abroad her joys.

The seraph stretch'd his plumes of gold,  
And, swiftly soaring, rose on high;  
In heaven the joyful news he told,  
And songs of joy rang through the sky.

From the London Eclectic Review.

### SACRED LYRIC.

BY JAMES EMMETSON, LONDON.

Where can I go from Thee!  
All present Deity!  
Nature, and Time, and Thought, thine impress bear;  
Through earth, or sea, or sky,  
Through far and near—I fly,  
I turn, and find Thee present with me there.

The perfume of the rose,  
And every flower that blows,  
All mark thy love, in clusters of the vale;  
The corn that crowns the fields,  
The fruits the garden yields,  
Proclaim the bounties that can never fail.

The vapor and the cloud,  
The thunder bursting loud,  
Speak of Thy Majesty in words of flame;  
The ocean as it roars,  
Lashing the rocks and shores,  
Declares from what a mighty hand it came.

The vasty globes that roll,  
Each on its own firm pole,  
Through all the boundless fields of space alone,  
Prove that indeed Thou art  
The life-wheel and the heart,  
Of systems to our little world unknown.

From Thee I cannot fly;  
Thine all-observing eye,  
Marks the minutest atom of thy reign;  
How far so'er I go,  
Thou art my world's "I know,"  
And bring the wanderer to this earth again.

But why should I depart?  
'Tis safety where thou art;  
And could one spot thy being hold,  
I, poor, and vain, and weak,  
That sacred spot would seek,  
And dwell within the shelter of Thy fold!

## MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

REV. EDWARD IRVING.

Of this gentleman, who has lately acquired so much celebrity as a preacher, I believe but little of his life is yet known. He was born in Annon, on the borders of Scotland. At eighteen he taught mathematics, afterwards moved to Kirkcaldy, in Fife-shire, where he was engaged to teach in a respectable Academy, and where he was first known as a clergyman. He subsequently removed to Edinburgh, where he was heard by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who liked his manner so much, that when Mr. Irving made a visit to some friends in Ireland, he visited him to become his assistant in the laborious duties of his ministry. Mr. Irving accepted his offer, though he had intended to devote himself for some time to solitary travel—and when in Glasgow, he excited almost as much curiosity as Chalmers himself. The members of the Caledonian Church, in London, having heard of Mr. Irving, prevailed upon the proper authorities to invite him to come up to the Metropolis as a candidate for the vacant place in that church. Mr. I. complied with the invitation, and was introduced as the Assistant of Dr. Chalmers. The four successive days he occupied the pulpit trial satisfied those who had invited him, of his qualifications to fill the vacancy. For some time, however, his congregation in his little church did not exceed fifty persons; but in a very short time, so great was his popularity, it increased to a number large enough to have filled St. Paul's. Seven thousand pounds were immediately raised to build a national Scotch Church, and the foundation stone was laid in July, 1824, by the Earl of Bradburn. Towards the erection of this church, the most distinguished scholars, nobility, and members of Parliament of Great Britain subscribed; and it has become from the wonderful popularity of the preacher, a place of such fashionable resort, that the access to it, unless at a very early hour, is almost impossible.

Mr. Irving's personal appearance is much in his favor; his figure is tall and elegantly formed; his face is striking, if not absolutely fine; his hair dark and glossy; and his complexion a clear iron gray. He has a defect or obliquity in his vision, which, it is said, after the curiosity and admiration he has excited have ceased, often leads to the inquiry whether it be an advantage to the preacher or not. Mr. I. shines more by flashes, than by continuity of thought; his enthusiasm is said not to be deep nor lofty, or his genius burning or intense. His mind, however, is one of no ordinary powers—he has a *mens divinator*, and wields his energies with great force and skill. A writer in the *New Monthly*, in speaking of him, says—"he has shrunk from no opinion, however paradoxical; he has revived exploded prejudices; he has scouted prevailing fashions; he has opposed the spirit of the age, and not consulted the *esprit de corps*; he has turned religion and the Caledonian Chapel to topsy turvy; he has had a play hook in one hand and a Bible in the other, and quoted Shakspeare and Melancthon in the same breath; he has taken the thorns and briars of scholastic divinity, and garlanded them with the flowers of modish literature; he has done all this relying on the strength of a remarkably fine person and manner, and through that he has succeeded."

### THE FRENCH PREACHERS.

There was one period in which the French pulpit was filled with men of the highest grade of excel-

lence. "The subjects," says Le Harpe, "in which eloquence was carried to the highest degree of perfection, in the age of Louis XIV. were without doubt, those of sermons and funeral orations."

"It has been said," observes a French critic, "that Bossuet was the only truly eloquent man in the age of Louis XIV. This without doubt appears extraordinary; but if eloquence consists in seizing strongly upon a subject, in knowing all its resources, in measuring its extent, in connecting all its parts, in causing idea to follow idea with impetuosity, and feeling to succeed feeling, in being hurried away by an irresistible power, and in communicating this rapid and involuntary movement to others; if it consists in painting with sprightly images, in enlarging and astonishing the soul, in spreading through a discourse a feeling which mingles with each idea, and which gives to it life; if it consists in creating vast and deep expressions which enrich the language, in pleasing the ear by a majestic harmony, in having neither a fixed tone nor manner, but in always adapting both to the occasion—sometimes going along in a calm and imposing grandeur—then suddenly shooting forward and raising himself yet higher, imitating nature irregular and grand, which sometimes embellishes the order of the universe even by disorder itself, if such is the character of sublime eloquence, who among us, has been as eloquent as Bossuet? Who has ever spoken of life, of death, of eternity, of the times?—But what distinguishes him most is the ardor of his feelings, the glowing up of his whole soul to the object before him. His style being but the representation of the movement of his soul, his elocution is rapid and strong." Since the selection and translation of this, we have seen a discussion of the merits of this great preacher in the last Edinburgh Review. The Reviewer is not disposed to give him all the praise, which is rendered to him by his countrymen. He, however, assigns him a high place among pulpit orators.

Massillon, in the article referred to, is spoken of in the highest terms. He doubtless ranks among the greatest men of his age. He wrote with more taste and care, but with less freedom and power than Bossuet. The latter in our view was one of the greatest preachers of any country or time. He had a great deal too much of the metaphysical subtlety of the school-men, and of the learning of the Rabbies. But there is a richness and compass in his arguments, an impetuosity and force in his style, an honesty and earnestness in his manner, which few have equalled.

"Bourdaloue," says Le Harpe, "was the first who always exhibited in the pulpit the eloquence of reason. He knew how to substitute it for the faults of his contemporaries. He learned of them the proper style for the gravity of a holy minister, and sustained it throughout his numerous sermons. He put aside the show of vain citations from the ancients and the little researches of his wits. Solely penetrated with the spirit of the gospel, he treats a subject deeply, disposes of it with method, and searches into it with vigor. He is conclusive in his reasonings, sure in his course, clear and instructive in his results; but he had little of what are called the great parts of an orator, which are oration and elocution. He was an excellent theologian, a learned catechist rather than a powerful preacher. Although carrying conviction with him, he wanted that feeling which renders conviction efficacious."

Blair thus speaks of Bourdaloue and Massillon. "It is a subject of dispute among the French critics, to which of these the preference is due. To Bourdaloue they attribute more solidity and close reasoning; to Massillon a more pleasing and engaging manner. Bourdaloue inculcates his doctrine with much zeal and piety. Massillon has more grace, more sentiment, and in my opinion every way more genius. He discovers much knowledge both of the world and of the human heart; he is pathetic and persuasive; and upon the whole, is perhaps the most eloquent writer of sermons which modern times have produced." Much has been said against the elocution of the French school as indulging a false taste for ornament and declamation; but there is little doubt that ministers are deficient in the help that is borrowed from the resources of worldly rhetoric.

## PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

### MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

Extract from the Memoirs of Mrs. Susan Huntington.

I have always made it a rule never to give a child what it is passionately earnest to have, however proper the object may be in itself; because, otherwise, an association would immediately be formed in the mind between importunity and success. Were a child always told when he cries for a thing, "You shall have it when you show a proper temper," it would soon teach him to be reasonable. I think it the destruction of government to be capricious, to refuse one duty, what in circumstances not seen by the child to be different, is granted in another, to let fretting and teasing carry a point at one time, when at another, they would bring punishment. Children very soon see whether we are consistent; and little deviations from an established rule, afford great encouragement for the next time. These little deviations do great mischief, and are often hidden into, very imperceptibly by the parent, though the child is quicksighted enough to observe them.

One thing, I think of the greatest importance, and that is, that children be made always to mind, and consider the parent's word as their law. Giving up once after a command has passed, may lay the foundation, and lead to the establishment of a principle of subordination as troublesome as unconquerable. For this reason, absolute commands should be as few as possible. I also think it dangerous to play with children in the way of command, saying, do this or do that, when you do not mean that the thing must be done. It weakens parental authority. I never like to tell very small children to kiss strangers, as they often feel a degree of backwardness very difficult to overcome; and if they refuse, it is necessary to pass it over without compelling obedience, which should not be, or to have a combat with them before the company, which hardens them to reproof. It is better to say, if a stranger offers to kiss them and they refuse, and it is thought best to say anything, "Your kisses are of no great consequence, they may be dispensed with, I dare say." This leads the child to think he is not of so much importance as he might otherwise be led to suppose.

It is also very necessary to good government that punishments should be proportioned to complicated and intentional offences, and careless inadvertencies; the child, by the frequent recurrence of these latter faults and the sharp rebukes they bring upon him, will become so accustomed to severe reproof that he will not mind it. Tenderness of heart is the most powerful human engine of parental government; and when this is lost, it seems to me all is lost unless the grace of God interpose.

The inevitable consequence of frequent reproof, is, a heart blunted in its sensibilities, and unmoved by the parent's displeasure. Of course, all temptations should as much as possible, be put out of the way of children. Many little things should not be observed, which, if you were conscious the child knew you had observed, ought to be reproofed. A harsh and angry tone should never be used unless a gentle one has previously failed. And I believe, where the authority of the parent is early established by the mild and gentle means, to some of which I have alluded, severe measures need be resorted to very seldom.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

ELLEN.

A SKETCH FROM "SCENES AND THOUGHTS."

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I endeavored to learn the story of the ill-fated Ellen and the interesting mourner whom I had beheld hovering over her ashes; and I found that they were in-

deed the pangs of a mother's heart which had caused the grief I had witnessed. She had attended her husband abroad, through many a scene of trial and hardship, she had dressed his wounds upon the day of battle, and she had watched over her soldier's lowly pall, with firm and unremitted tenderness; but his wounds were healed, and he rose from his sick bed, astonished at her magnanimity, and grateful for her affection. They returned together to their native country, that they might seek a reward for their past sufferings in the bosom of the country that gave them birth, and in the happy retirement which they best loved. Several children blessed their union; but some were nipped in the bud of infancy, and the rest prematurely destroyed ere yet they were fully unfolded to the blossoms. One beloved daughter—their only child—alone remained to them. All the tender shoots were withered, save this one; and they cherished as their sole remaining pride, their only surviving prop. That child grew up all that her dotting parents wished; and lovely in mind as in person, she constituted their sun of happiness on earth. But, alas! the sweetest and most delicate flowers are often nipped the soonest by the chill wind, or by the blighting mildew.—Her fragile form but too easily sunk under the pressure of disease; and like a tender reed, bent beneath its own unsupported weight. Her eyes, indeed, sparkled with unusual lustre, but it was no more like the brilliance of health than the false glare of a wandering meteor resembles the clear and steady effulgence of the meridian sun, and though a bright bloom colored her cheek, it was not the rosy tint of vigor, but the harbinger of approaching ruin. The terrified parents beheld with horror, the dreadful symptoms. In an agony of mind, which none besides can fully appreciate, they tried all that nature dictated, or art devised, to stop the progress of the fatal malady. But it was too late. It made rapid and gigantic strides; and hope itself was soon obliged to drop in anguish. The lovely victim saw her fate before her, but her wings were plumed for Heaven, and she wished not to hover longer upon the earth. While her body drooped and languished, her mind became strengthened and fortified; and the undecaying spirit seemed to shine forth more visible and more beautifully, when the mortal shroud which enveloped it was gradually falling. At length life gradually waned, and waned, until its lamp shone upon one bright, but quivering gleam, and then was darkened for ever! She was dead—but the rose still lived on her cheek, and a smile still played upon the half closed lips whose last accents had breathed the fond name of mother! And those who looked upon her could scarcely believe but that she sweetly slept.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people."—LAV. xix. 16.

Love worketh no evil to his neighbor.—A whisperer separate chief friends. Even where there is such a love as dwells with pleasure on the virtues of others, and draws a veil over their faults, there is sometimes a weakness indulged which is mischievous in its consequences.—It is the folly of speaking what ought not to be named at the time, and under the circumstances in which it is done. It often gives an importance to a thing which it never else would have, to speak of it in confidence, to represent it as a matter we wish may be kept secret. Persons may become regular traders in slander before they are aware of it, just by carrying from one to another stories which they relate as matters of confidence, which if ever were related, should have been mentioned openly and in connexion with the circumstances which gave rise to them, and all would be harmless. Have a care therefore how you indulge in the mischievous practice of entertaining your friends with the secrets of others; or of making those things to appear to be secrets which never ought to be so represented. Remember that a talebearer is like a leaky vessel, which when known to be so, will never have any valuable liquid put into it. Such leaky vessels are very troublesome, and will soon be thrown by as worse than useless—at one time you are liable to get scolded, at another to have your best clothes spoiled—and again to be mortified before your friends by using such leaky vessels; but what are all these inconveniences to the pangs and smart, the mortification and trouble given by a talebearer?

I could not wonder when I heard one exclaim—"I have been scolded once by him, I will take care how I expose myself a second time." A clever, obliging lady, kindly presented me with a tumbler of that very agreeable beverage—lemonade. The silver tumbler was a little leaky, my clothes were a little wet and discolored—I felt constrained to make the application to the droppings of a talebearer; and I amused myself a few minutes by moralizing on the subject with the charming little prattlers of the parlor who were all ready to express their regret for my misfortune, and run with their handkerchiefs to wipe away the wet and stain.—The accident was turned to good account.—The children cautioned not to be leaky vessels.—The tumbler was acknowledged to be valuable and might be very useful but for this little leak. The liquor was excellent but had a bad effect on the clothes—my little hearers turned their pitying eyes to the stains;—while I endeavored to make them sensible how much worse it would be to stain the good characters of others, by leaking out secrets, or telling their faults, or making a wrong application of innocent circumstances. I then enforced the whole with my text—"Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer." I hope my young readers will make the application and profit by the subject as well as my little hearers.

THE PERSECUTOR WHO BECAME A PREACHER. I am going to tell you about Saul; he lived a great while ago, at Jerusalem, though he was born at a place called Tarsus. He was brought up very well, and his parents gave him a very good education.

But he was an enemy to the Lord Jesus, and to all His servants; and he was very cruel, for he did them all the harm he could, and dragged a great many of them to prison and to death.

We should never hurt any one on account of their religion. If our own religion be right, it will teach us to do good as we have opportunity, to all who are around us, to our friends, to strangers, and even to enemies.

Saul, however, thought and acted very differently; for he wished to kill all the disciples of the Saviour; and when many of them, to get out of his way, went from Jerusalem to Damascus, he went after them; he was made by bent on their destruction.

But as he was going there, all on a sudden, a light, brighter than that of the sun at noonday, shone from the heavens around him. He was so overpowered with its brightness, that he fell down on the ground almost senseless.

And a voice from heaven addressed him,—it said, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" And he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

And Saul, trembling lest the Saviour should strike him dead for his wickedness and cruelty, and astonished to hear His voice, said, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" And Jesus said, "Arise! and stand on thy feet. I will send thee to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

And immediately he began to pray, and he became another man, even a good minister of Jesus Christ, and a zealous preacher of the everlasting gospel. God's grace always makes a great and blessed change. We must all receive this grace, and become new creatures, or we can never enter into the kingdom of God.

And have I received this grace? If I have, God has

given me a new heart. He has taken away the heart of stone, and given me a heart of flesh. He alone can do this; He did this for Saul.

Oh, if I have received this grace, my heart and my mouth have been filled with praise,—and is it so? Then I have been made sorry for my sins,—I have confessed them, and asked mercy and strength to forsake them,—and have I done so?

Then I have fled to the Lord Jesus for life and salvation. Then I love Him, and delight to think of Him,—and to read his blessed history,—and I try to recollect His instructions, and I treasure them up in my memory and my heart! I take Him as my great example, and I am every day trying to become like Him. And is this indeed the case?—*Youth's Friend.*

## OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

### MISS ABIGAIL GREEN.

No intelligence can be more gratifying to those who, considering themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth, are shaping their course to the heavenly Canaan than the glad tidings of a fellow prisoner's release from this abode of sin and misery. It confirms them in the faith when it is known that the ransomed one had grown gray in the service of the Lord, had neared death's dark vault with pleasure, sustaining every step with noble fortitude and had shouted triumphantly in the act of taking the fearful plunge. We look down with mingled sentiments of joy and sorrow upon their poor, faded, inanimate clay, and in concert with the glorified spirit just released from its load of earth, cry out, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

With feelings similar to these, we contemplate the character of the late Miss ABIGAIL GREEN, of Boston, who departed this life on the 29th ult. aged 82 years.

She was "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." Eminent piety and godly simplicity, gentleness, meekness, and humility, with every kindred grace shone out conspicuous in her ways, words, and works. They were sweetly blended together like the colors of the rainbow, so that all who beheld her, or had the pleasure of her acquaintance became enamored with the charming spirit she possessed. The church of God was to her a Bethel—in it, she beheld the King in his beauty, and sat under his banner with great delight. In her class meeting she always kept the divine presence and wrapped up in heavenly meditations. Her attachment to the doctrines and discipline of our church was strong and uniform; yet there remain but few among us who have more enlarged, or more catholic views.

When her heart and flesh began to fail, and the last sands of her glass were running out, she was unusually calm, resigned and happy. The joys of heaven, the society of the blest, the fruition, the eternity of bliss, were the subjects that hung upon her lips and delighted her heart. In a word, she lived a Christian, and died as she lived.

She is now no more a pilgrim and a stranger and a sojourner upon earth. Her mortal part remains with us; to it we shall shortly be united. The memory of her bright example lives in our hearts and should induce us all to be looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.

Her life and death teach us that the course of the truly pious in this world, is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. The star which God lights up in their path never goes down, nor hides its holy beams. It sheds perpetual sunshine around them, and glances far off through the gloom of death's dark prison house. O how delightful is its hallowed radiance when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and the winter of age hath shed down its snow upon the deeply lined brow and the shadowy valley kisses the distant horizon and eternity rises in upon the soul with all its splendors, and "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof" are in waiting.

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." M.

## THE GATEKEEPER.

ADDISON AND MALHERBE.

Addison's extreme anxiety to write finely and properly sometimes proved ludicrous. He was charged to write an account of the demise of Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark, but delayed it so long, that the government was obliged to employ one of the clerks to do it, who afterwards boasted that he had done what Addison could not.—Malherbe was still more unfortunate. He undertook to address some stanzas of condolence to the President of Verdun; he was three years in performing his task; and when he presented them, the President had already essayed a more substantial mode of condolence in taking a second wife. Le Globe, which relates this anecdote, calculates that, during the twenty-five years of his poetical life, he wrote just thirty-three lines per year, and that he would have half a ream of paper in the correction of a single stanza.

## ANECDOTE OF BISHOP JEWELL.

Richard Hooker, author of Ecclesiastical Polity, was a poor lad, indebted to the kindness of Bishop Jewell for his education and subsequent eminence in the church. It was in the last year of Jewell's life, that Hooker, on his way from Oxford to Devonshire, afoot in one of his vacations, called on his patron, by whom he was cordially entertained, and then dismissed with good advice and a pastoral blessing. Jewell forgot, however, to supply him with money. He immediately sent a servant to call him back, and told him, "I sent for you, Richard, to lend you a horse, that hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease." He then put in his hand a stout walking staff, with which he had travelled in Germany, and added, "Richard, I do not give thee my money, I only lend him, so be sure you be honest, and bring him back again as you return to Oxford; and I do now give thee ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter, and here are ten more for your mother; tell her that I send a Bishop's blessing along with it, and that I beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And mind, if you bring back my money, I will give you ten more to carry you on foot to college, and so, God bless you, good Richard."

## HALLEY AND SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Halley, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in idleness; he was rather too fond of introducing the subject; and once, when he had desecrated somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend, Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short with this observation. "I always attend to you, Dr. Halley, with the greatest deference, when you do us the honor to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because these are subjects you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but Religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because it is one which you have not seriously examined, and, therefore, do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it because you despise it."

## THE AGED.

"Oh, my covetous! remnants of yourselves! Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave! Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees, Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling, Still more enamoured of this wretched soil? Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be stretch'd out, Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age? With a vice, and convulsions, grasping hard? Grasping at air? for what has earth beside?"

Night Thoughts.

Montgomery has beautifully described Columbus, while meditating on his great expedition, as gazing with anticipation, towards the new world, which he hoped to discover.

"Lights of heaven, he cried, Lead on! I go to win a glorious bride, By nature nursed aye beyond the jealous sea, Denied to ages, but betrothed to me."

This bride our pilgrim fathers found on these unvisited shores. On her shady bowers no rude spoiler had intruded. None of the corruptions of the old world had found their way into her bosom. She was worthy to be the bride of our forefathers, and to become the mother of a race of freemen. KNOWLES.

## I WOULD SEE JESUS.

I would see Jesus in prosperity, that her fascinating light may not lead me to a dreadful precipice;—but that his good Spirit may whisper to my heart the noble inducements Christians have to devise liberal things; that I may ever be saying, "What am I, O Lord, that thou shouldst put into my heart to do these things, when 'the earth is thine and the fulness thereof; it is but thine own which I return unto thee."

I would see Jesus in adversity, because he is a friend born for such a time; because, when all the fallacious props of happiness give way, his single name alone supports the building. I would see Jesus in adversity, that I might order my course before him, for he has all power in heaven and on earth, and easily can arrange future events, so as to throw a lustre on the darkest circumstances.

I would see Jesus in health, that I may turn at his gentlest reproof; that I may not be full and forget God, and be devoted, body as well as soul, to his praise.

I would see Jesus in sickness, because he himself has all my diseases; he alone dispenses the balm of Gilead; he alone is the Physician there.

I would see Jesus in ordinances; for what are ordinances without Christ? He shows himself through the lattices, he appears in his beauty, he is as the dew unto Israel, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; his people sit under his shade with great delight, and his fruit is pleasant to their taste. They say continually in ordinances, "Make haste, O my beloved, be thou like a young hart upon the mountains."

I would see Jesus in social intercourse. For what are the charms of friendship? What the refinements of taste? What the pleasures of conversation? Are they not all unsatisfying and delusive, unless sanctified by the grace of the Redeemer?

I would see Jesus in my own heart, as Lord of its affections, of its purposes, of its pleasures; as the mover of its hopes and fears; the author of its existence and happiness.

I would see Jesus in death, as the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams in the darkest moments, can spread light and healing. I would listen to his voice, saying, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." "Fear not, I have the keys of hell and death." Arise, O thou weary follower of thy crucified Lord, and enter into thy rest.

I would see Jesus in glory; for what is heaven itself without him? But when we shall see him in his presence, then shall we be like him, and be for ever happy in his presence.

## LOVE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

In the British Museum there are two copies of the scriptures, which are peculiarly calculated to interest the pious visitors, from the circumstances under which they were transcribed. The elder manuscript contains "The Old and New Testaments, in short hand, 1696;" which were copied, during many a wakeful night, by a zealous Protestant, in the reign of James II., who, fearing that the attempts of that monarch to re-establish Popery, would terminate in the suppression of the sacred scriptures, resolved at least to secure a copy for his own use, by this ingenious method. The other manuscript contains the whole book of Psalms, and the New Testament, except the Revelations, in 15 volumes, folio, written in characters an inch long, on black paper, manufactured on purpose, with a white ink. This perfectly unique copy was written in 1745, at the cost of a Mr. Harries, a tradesman in London, whose sight having decayed with age, so as to prevent his reading the scriptures, though printed in the largest type, he incurred the expense of this transcription, that he might enjoy those sources of comfort, which are more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." The religious sentiments of this venerable man may be inferred from the fact, that Dr. Owen's "Faith of God's Elect," was also copied for him in the same style, and occupies 3 volumes.—*Jur. Miss. Herald.*

## ANECDOTE.

A worthy clergyman in the country caused a road to be made through his grounds for the accommodation of the neighborhood. While he was superintending the workmen, a nobleman rode by, whose life was not quite so regular as it ought to have been. As he passed, he accosted the clergyman thus—"Well doctor, for all your pains, I take it this is not the road to heaven." "True," replied he, "for if it had been, I should have wondered at seeing your lordship here."

Haydn, the musical Composer.—The poet Campani once asked his friend Haydn, "how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animated, cheerful, and even gay disposition?" To this, Haydn's answer was, "I cannot make it otherwise; I wrote according to the thoughts which I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

"Lord Erskine," says Dr. E. Clarke, "told me that Burke's manner was sometimes bad; 'it was like that of an Irish chairman.' Once," said he, "I was so tired of hearing him, in a debate upon the India bill, that not liking he should see me leave the House of Commons, while he was speaking, I crept along under the benches, and got out, and went to the Isle of Wight. Afterwards, that very speech of his was published, and I found it to be so extremely beautiful, that I actually wore it into pieces by reading it."

## ANECDOTE OF CRANMER.

Among the early enemies of this great and good man, were Dr. Thornton, suffragan of Dover, and Dr. Barber, a civilian, who, though entertained in his family, entrusted with his secrets, and indebted to him for many favors, entered into a conspiracy against him. Their letters were discovered; Cranmer took them both into his study, telling them that he had been basely and falsely abused by some, in whom he had already reposed the greatest confidence, and desiring them to give him their advice, as to the conduct to be pursued toward them. "Marry!" said Barber, "such villains and knaves deserve to be presently hanged, without further trial."—"Hanging is too good for them," said Thornton, "and if there wasn't an executioner, I would be hangman myself!" "O Lord, and most merciful God!" exclaimed Cranmer, solemnly looking up to heaven, "whom may a man trust in these days? How truly is it said, 'Cursed be he that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm.' Then, taking out the letters from his pocket, he asked, "Know you these letters, my masters?" They fell on their knees,—and humbly sued for forgiveness.—"Well," replied the Archbishop, with mingled tenderness and dignity—"God make you both good men—I never deserved this at your hands—but ask forgiveness of God, against whom you have highly offended."

Diogenes being asked, "how one should be revenged of his enemy," answered, by being a virtuous and honest man.



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